

HILDIE AND THE KID GANG

January 6 1946







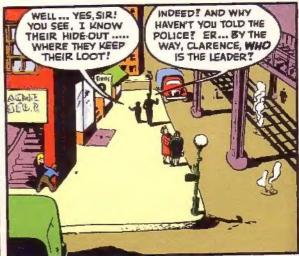














































































DOLAN'S ORIGIN OF THE SPIRIT

January 13 1946





























"ABOUT AN HOUR LATER, I ARRIVED TO FIND DENNY LYING IN THE POOL OF STRANGE LIQUID.... "HAPPY," THE POLICE CORONER, PRONOUNCED HIM DEAD -- OF HEART FAILURE! THERE WAS A LARGE PUBLIC FUNERAL AND HE WAS BURIED IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, AN OLD CEMETERY WHERE OLD COLT HAD BOUGHT PROPERTY YEARS AGO....























































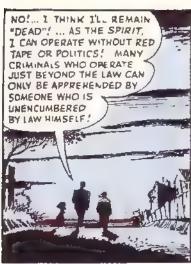














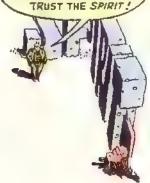








SINCE THEN WE'VE WORKED HAND IN HAND AND EVEN THE PEOPLE DOWN IN CITY HALL TRUST THE SPIRIT!









SATIN RETURNS

January 20 1946



Sthe SPIRIT













































































































THE SIBERIAN DAGGER

January 27 1946







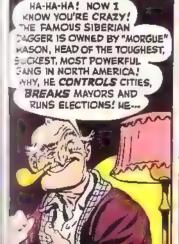


















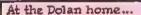












THE DAGGER EES A COLLECTINK ITEM, BOT EET HAS JUS' BEEN DISCOVERED THAT EEN HANDLE EES MAP TO GOLD MINE IN THE URALS I WEESH TO RESTORE EET TO MY GOVERNMENT, BOT LOTS OF CROOKS TRY TO













































COMMISSIONER, THE





































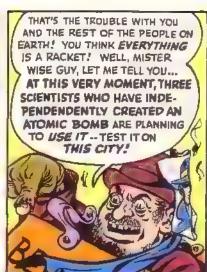
THE END OF THE WORLD

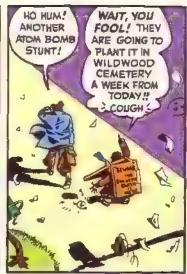
ACTION Mystery Adventure

February 3 1946











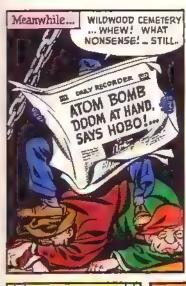










































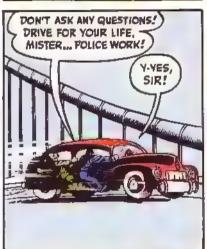


















... and all of Central City, even those who scoffed at the idea, halt in their tracks and wait for two long, long seconds to come and go....







Back at Wildwood as the clocks strike midnight - on a hill where the fiendish Scientists had planted their bombs, there is a rumbling of the earth and....









-and before the eyes of horrified people for miles around the cabin, then the mountain, disappear in an atomic explosion that grows and grows and grows until....

Billions of miles away, in the dark reaches of outer space, the inhabitants of a planet pause to notice a tiny flash that for a moment brightens the whole sky. Where there was once a huge planet teeming with life and people there is now nothing... absolutely nothing!











AS EVER ORANGE

February 10 1946







Deare Elony,

Polan's fun, Ellen's great, and The SPIRIT'S mighty fine...

I would date!
Won't you be my valentine?

"as ever" Orange







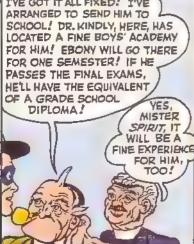


BECAUSE OF THE WAVE OF

CRIME SWEEPING THE NATION.

THE AUTHORITIES OF CENTRAL

































MAJOR, SIR, THERE'S

INDEED?



















































INTRODUCING BLUBBER

February 17 1946

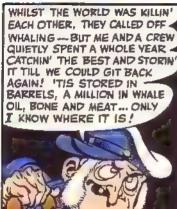










































And so the SEA ROT II. loaded with valuable oils and bone, heads for warm water...

--- AND TO GUARD AGIN' DOUBLE-DEALIN', I BE KEEPIN' THIS LOG, WHICH, IF I'M DONE IN, WILL INCRIMINATE YE ALL!

















































Back at Central City...

OH, HIM?

HA-HA-HA!

HATED TO

BOY, Y' SHOULDA

SEEN THE COAST

GUARD SIT UP







ROCKHEAD STONE

February 24 1946









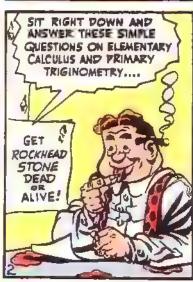
























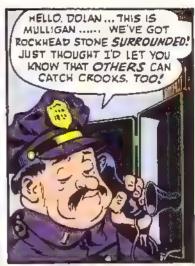
































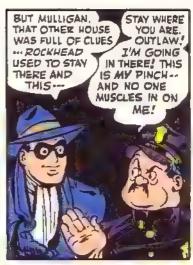










































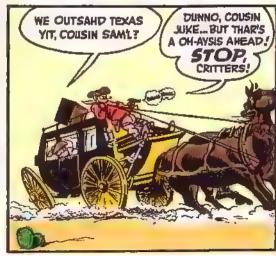


THE FEUD

March 3 1946





















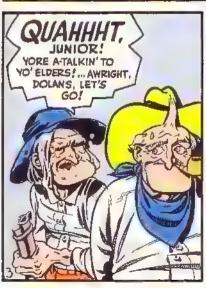


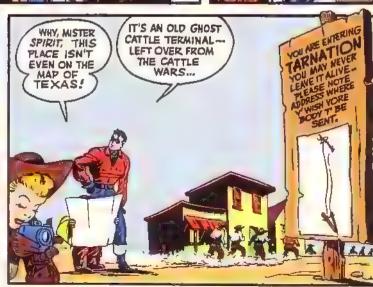






















































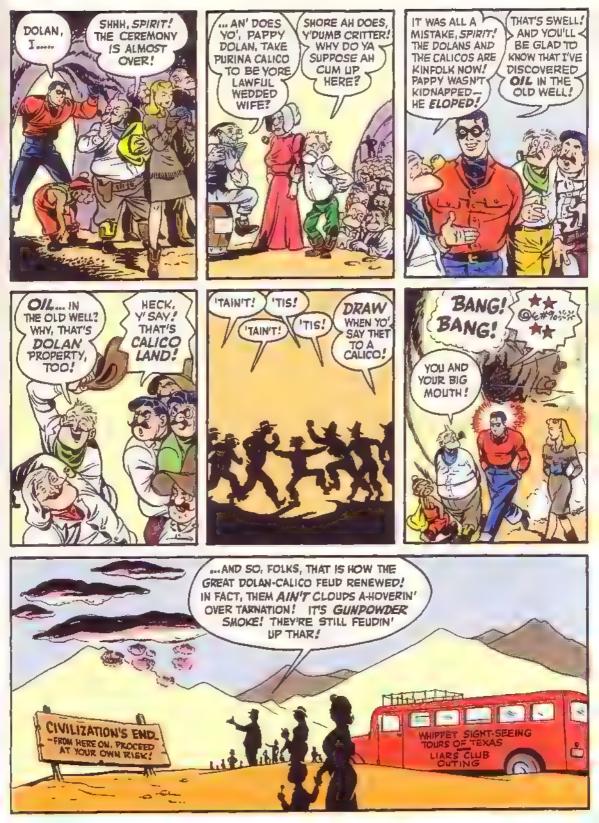










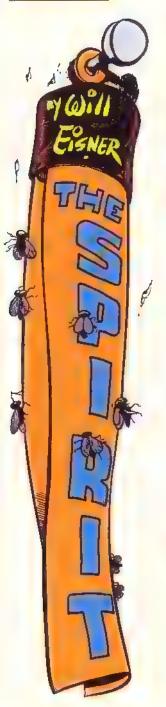




THE FLY

March 10 1946







ONSIDER, for a moment, The FLY (Musca Domestica).

A poor, pleasant, simpleminded household insect doomed to a life span of but a few weeks and forced by merciless nature to eke out an existence.



NDEED, little does he know that entomologists such as Copeman, Howlett, Merriman and others have even measured his flight. (Bishop and Lazke, British Scientists, claim flies have wandered thirteen or fourteen miles from home.) Does the happy fly know or care?



ES... In this way he lives with no one to tell him that his sticky legs (which he uses for walking upside down) also cause him to carry deadly bacteria from place to place, annoying man no end.



AY! He flits joyously from pail to soup to nose to ear... until one day, quite innocently, he flies into an area of danger and, without warning, without even a just cause, he is squashed, liquidated, destroyed... the world continuing without even a pause to inquire!...

...and that is exactly how it was with Guthrie Bendbagel, Jr.



Well, to begin with, the Bendbagels had been messengers for six generations.... Guthrie, naturally, was no exception.

Guthrie, you're VERY DEPENDABLE! YES, PA! PRESIDENT OF DINKLE'S MESSENGER

SERVICE!

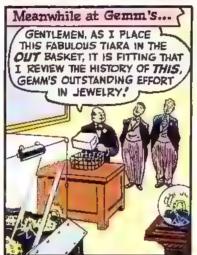


One day, on Bendbagel's

45th birthday...

PICK UP AND DELIVER
PACKAGE AT GEMM'S!...
HURRY, GUTHRIE!

YES,
SIR!





SEVERAL YEARS AGO, PRINCE





















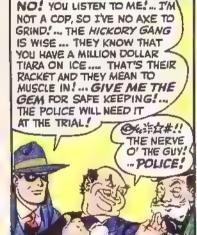








































































And that's exactly how it was with Bendbagel!





NYLON ROSE

March 17 1946

















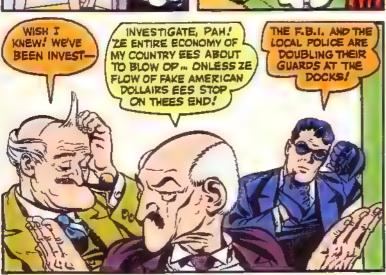
















































































YES, GENTLEMEN, AND YOU

6

3



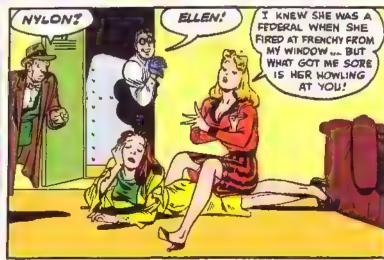




DOGGONE CLEVER.









THE LAST TROLLEY

March 24 1946



MOSTLY THEY'RE GONE NOW, THE OLD TROLLEYS ... JUSTAFEW STILL LIKE THE OLD RAVEN'S POINTLINE, FOR EXAMPLE !

All day long, like drunken bugs, the creaky jalopies waddle their way through the noisy city, loading up with morning crowds which come back the same way at night....













CLACKITY CLACKE STRIKELY CLACK CHEKELY CLACK

Until 3a.m... the trolleys come and go, getting emptier and emptier as the night grows deeper.... then, the last trolley. "The 29 Car"—clatters through the sleeping metropolis, rattles noisily across Central River Bridge, and with its cargo of human flotsam clickety-clacks for the Raven's Point barns.... From here until the end of the line there are no stops ... it is the dullest part of the trip!























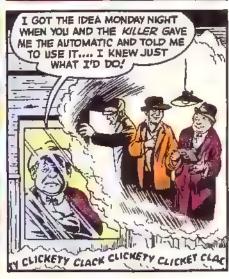


















V-VERY WELL ... IF ... IF

YOU GIVE ME TWENTY-



























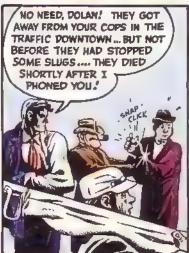


















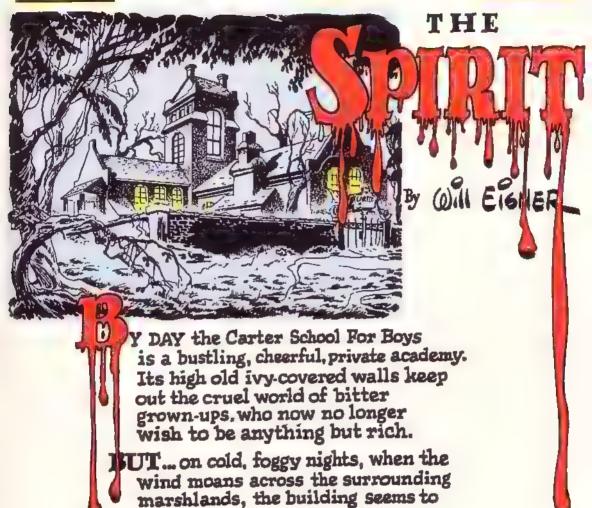
... At Raven's Point the trolleys trundle into the



YAFODDER'S MUSTACHE

March 31 1946





change ... grow sinister!

Then, like Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll, it becomes a fearful, awesome, architectural Mr. Hyde! From here one would expect the most fiendish of monsters to emerge....

... AS A MATTER OF FACT....

... One cold, foggy night... LO! What huge footprints are these that do not sink in the muddy morass? What manner of monster is this?
A NEOLITHIC BEAST?
A PALEOLITHIC CUR?
A MIGHTY MASTODON?

Where ... OOPS!!!
Beg your pardon ... only
a pair of snowshoes...

your pardon ... only
a pair of snowshoes...

¿STSK &



















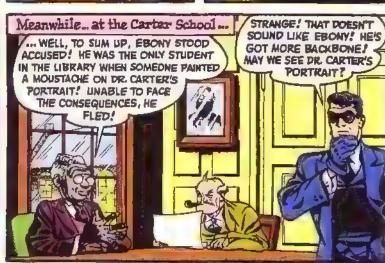






































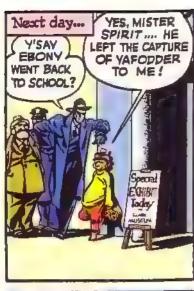










































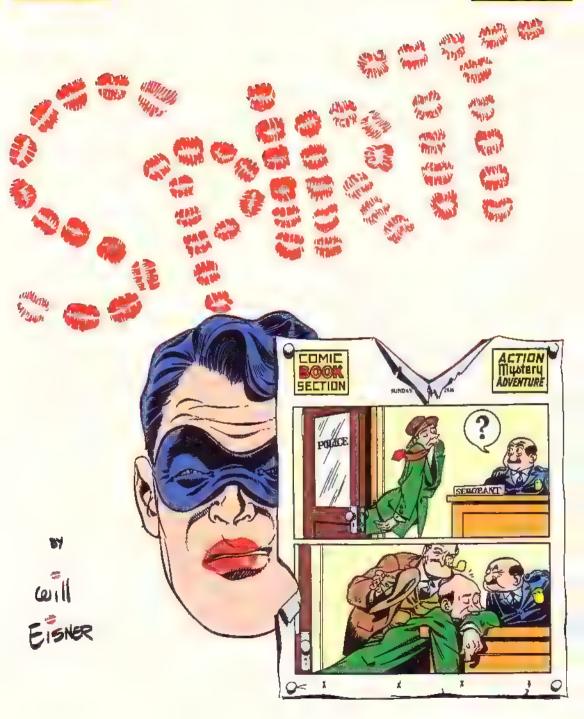




THE KISSING CAPER

April 7 1946





























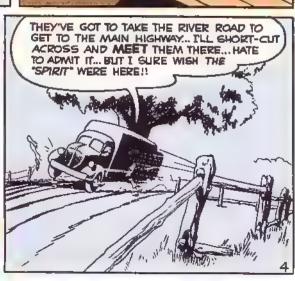










































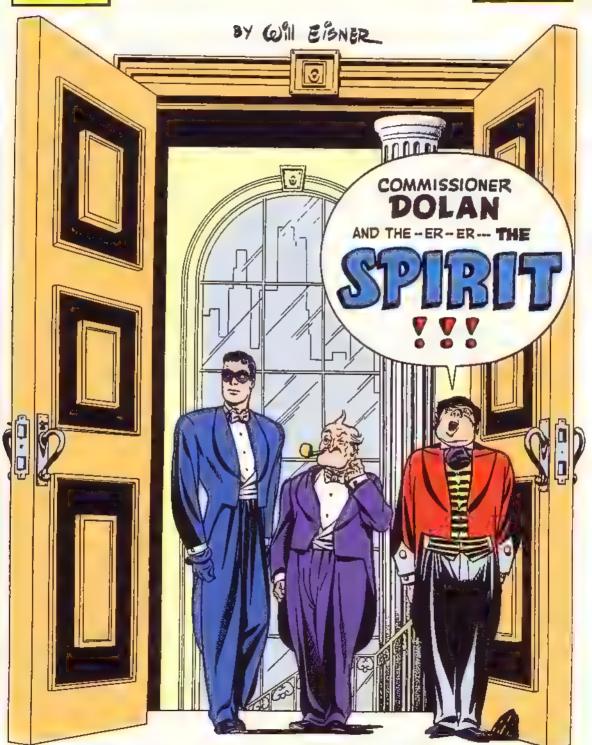




MAX SCARR'S MAP

April 14 1946





























































































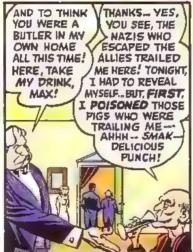






















INTRODUCING MR.CARRION

April 21 1946









































































BLUBBER IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW! I SAID,

















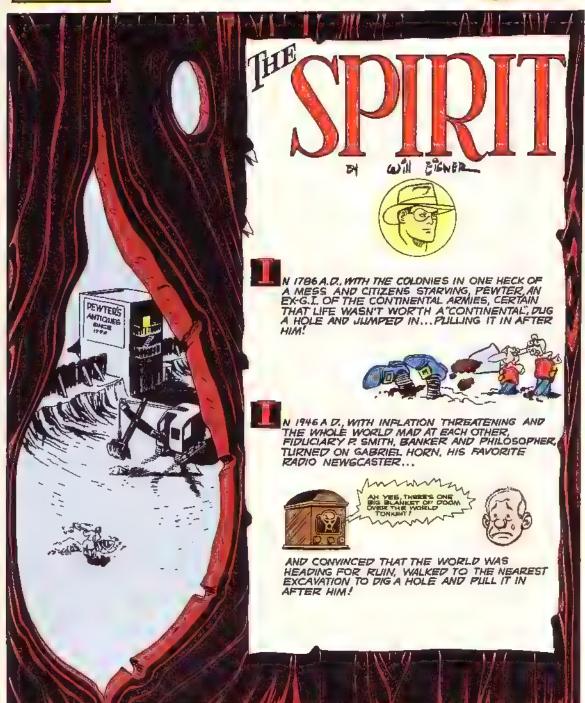




DIG A HOLE

April 28 1946



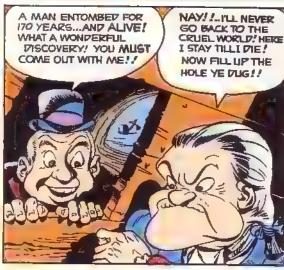


FOR TWO HOURS NOW, FIDUCIARY HAS BEEN DIGGING! SUDDENLY...









AT THAT VERY MOMENT, NOT 100 YARDS AWAY...











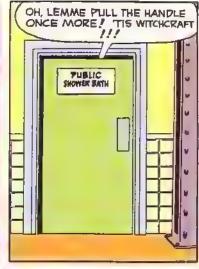










































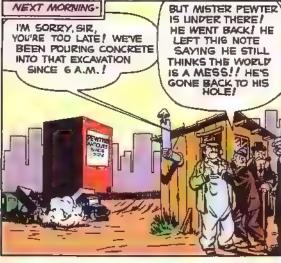




















THE HEAD IN THE DESK

May 5 1946

























































































WELCOME HOME, EBONY!

May 12 1946

































BACK AT DOLAN'S







BUT,























CARRION' S ROCK

May 19 1946











































... AND SO THE SUN SETS AND NIGHT THROWS









































AND BACK AT THE GOLDEN ROCK...







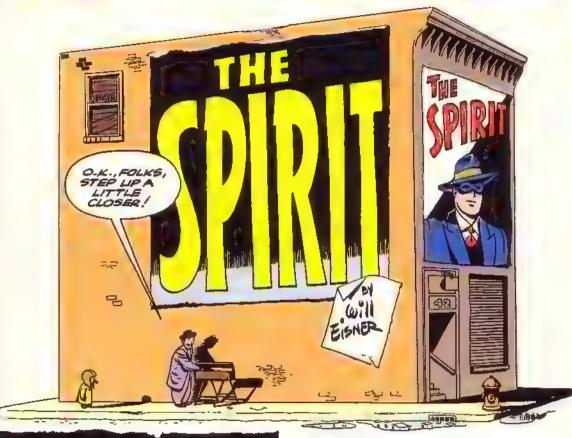




MAGNIFYING GLASSES

May 26 1946























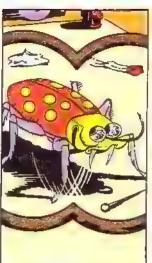
























































































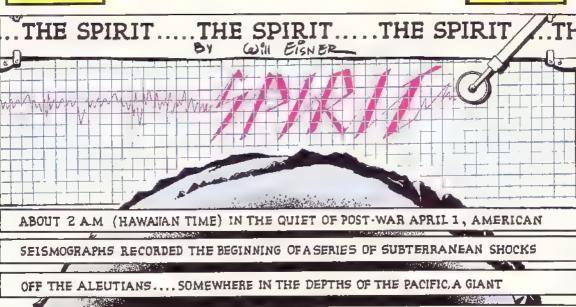




TIDAL WAVE

June 2 1946













































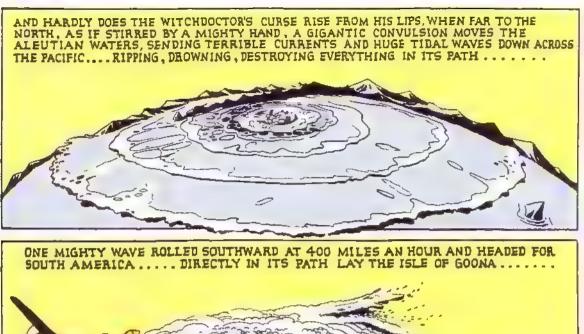






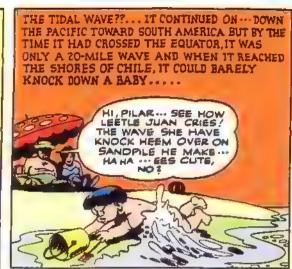








BUT A BARREN ISLE OF DESTRUCTION
----A FEW DEAD BODIES, QUANTITIES OF
DEBRIS AND, OH YES, A MINE RICH IN VRANIUM,
FROM WHICH ATOM BOMBS ARE MADE....













POOL'S TOADSTOOL FACIAL CREAM

June 9 1946







This is Mathilda Dolan, sister of the famous Police Commissioner Dolan At 45 she still retains her youthful cherm. Says Miss Dolan, "For a clear complexion, for a skin that gets compliments from even the coldest of men, Pool's Toadstoo! Cream is my chaice."

Will EISNER

OVE AND ROMANCE SPIRIT AND CRIME!

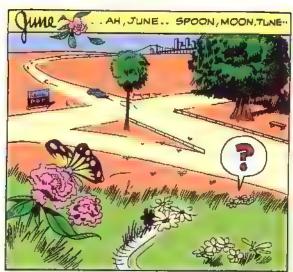
She's Enga



Here is popular Mathilds with her affianced, Glut Mutreer is popular mannias with her anances, that Mut-ton, wealthy sportamen. Their wedding is planned for June He for the first time, she for the sixth. Fastidious blutton says, "I always go for girls with that tosdetool complexion." Aren't they a lovely couple?

OOLS POOL FREIAL CREAM

Plucked from the heath at the fleeting moment of a maddening midnight moon.



































































THE BUCKET OF BLOOD

June 16 1946

















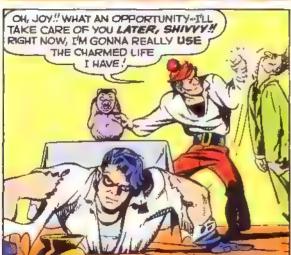




























































THE RUBBER BAND

June 23 1946





POP!

100 May 2 14







































































































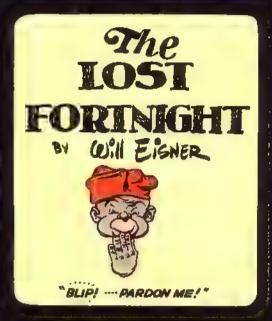


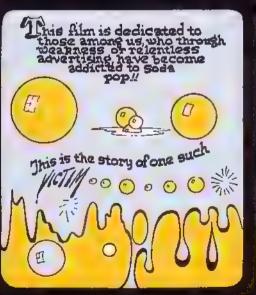
THE LOST FORTNIGHT

June 30 1946























2 DAYS PASSED... 3 DAYS... FOUR! NOT A DROP O' POP DID AH ORINK...THIRST WIZ SNAWIN! AT ME VITALS... AH WENT TO THE MOVIES TITAKE MAH MIND OFFN SODA! IT DIN'T HELP....!!!



SO AH LOCKED MAHSE'F IN THE ROOM AGAIN' WIF FOOD -- T'KEEP ME FUM THIRSTIN'. THAT DIDN'T HELP EITHER!

















BUT THAT DIN'T SATISFY ME,THE CRAVIN' WAS ON!! AH HAD TO HAVE MO'... BUT AH WUZ BROKE!!







































DULCET TONE

July 7 1946

























































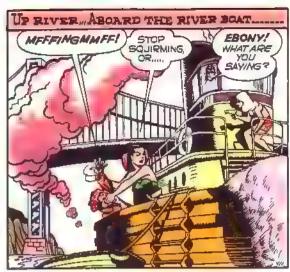
















































THE POSTAGE STAMP

July 14 1946

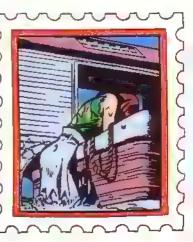




The waterfront, while any other part of the city, lives a life unto itself!
Mustery and unfathomable intrigue seems to cling to it with the tenacity of sea moss.
Here, while you and I slumber, those who wish can do a brisk traffic in sudden death. For sometimes, the ships that come and go in the night bring cargos that none but the mad could conceive.







































































































... And so the traffic continues on every water front from Timbuctoo to Sharghai, wherever men are robbed!



Wherever black markets feed the rich and starve the poor!



There you will find the controlling hand of the greatest criminal the world has

AUCI DEUN !!! The OCTOPUS!

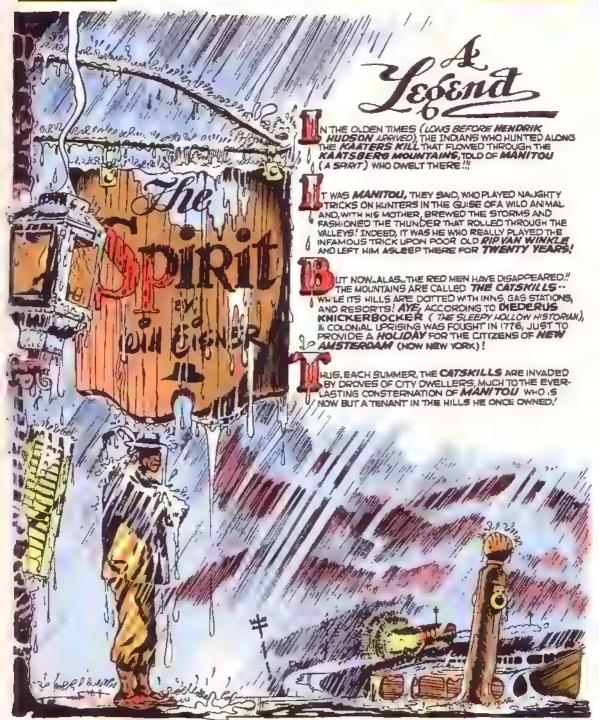




A LEGEND

July 21 1946

















































































































THE SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE

July 28 1946

























































































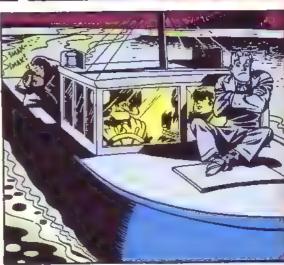




















WHO KILLED COX ROBIN?

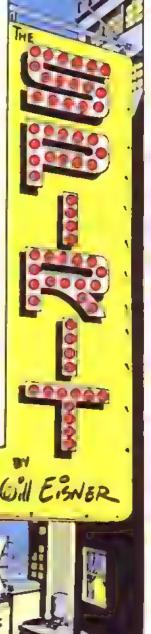
August 4 1946





MASTERMINO! AL THE CLUSS ARE

PHOTOGRAPHY NOW WHO



























































































THE CASE OF THE INNER VOICE

August 11 1946









It was a hot hugust day not unlike this ane! Most of the city folks were away for the week. Subternanean coolness of my wild estilled with one of EBONY'S reed lemonades!

Nothing, I was sure, would have the energy to defy this

have the energy to defy this heat! My surprise, thereforewas loaded with annoyance when the secret bugger (that keeps me in touch with powers of fice), made like an angry bee in my ear! But I had to go, the power used this

SIVE IDT EMERGENCIES!

AT HEADQUARTERS, DOLAN DROPPED THE THING IN MY LAP! IN THE COURSE OF A SEARCH FOR IMPORE BOUCHARD, THE NOTORIOUS CHARLATAN, THEY HAD COME UPON A MAN WHO HEARD A VOICE ... INSIDE HIM! THE MAN'S NAME WAS MAURICE MAYWEE AND I FOUND HIM IN A STUFFY HOUSE ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE!













THE STORY REALLY BEGINS DURING THE SAMISH CIVIL WAR... ABOUT 1936! ANDRE AND I WERE FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF THE LOYALISTS... THAT IS, WE WERE PRE-TENDING TO! ACTUALLY, WE WERE THERE FOR THE PLUNDER... AND THERE WAS MUCH TO LOOT WHEN THE MOS FINISHED WITH A FASCIST'S CASTLE!



WE KNEW THAT THIS WAS JUST THE FIRST ACT IN A NEW WORLD WAR, SO WE YOWED AN CATH TO GO AWAY AND RETURN WHEN THE WARS WERE OVER! LET THE NATIONS SMASH EACH OTHER TO BITS...WE WOULD BE THE TWO WEALTHIEST MEN IN THE WORLD AT THE END!



ER., ANDRÉ,, AHEM., ANDRE WAS LEFT BEHIND.....



SO, WHILE THE FOOLS FOUGHT A MOPELESS CAUSE, ANDRÉ AND I SYSTEMATICALLY BURIED A MAST MOARD OF TREASURE IN THE PYREMEST WE BURIED A STRONG-BOX OF STEEL AND CONCRETE...AND MADE ONLY TWO KEYS, OF GOLD... ONE FOR HIM AND ONE FOR ME!



THREE DAYS LATER, WE MADE A LOYALIST AIRDROME THAT WAS UNDER ATTACK! WE RACED FOR THE LAST



...AND WITH HIS CUSTOMARY LACK OF GRACIOUSNESS, HE SWORE UPON ME A TERRIBLE CURSE!



WELL SIGH THE NAZIS GOT ANDRÉ AND THE FRENCH ARMY DRAFTED ME! AND WHEN THE MAGINOT LINE WAS RLANGED A FEW YEARS LATER, I WAS SHREWD



SACRÉ BLEU! IT WAS A RATS UFE THAT FOLLOWED FOR ME...BUT, I HAD TO REMAIN ALIVE! I HAD TO! SO I SOLD INFORMATION...TO BOTH SIDES!











BUT, SINCE I WAS A VALUABLE

THEY BROUGHT IN A
MAN.. AND THE
OPERATION WAS
A SUCCESS!

WHEN I AWOKE, I TURNED TO THANK THE DONOR WHO BAVED MY LIFE! NOM DU CHEN...IT WAS ANORE!



".I WENT BACK TO GERMANY WITH THE NAZIS UNTIL THE WAR'S END... THEN, I ESCAPED TO AMERICA AND DISCOVERED THAT ANDRÉ WAS HERE, TOO... WORKING A PHONY FORTUNE-TELLING RACKET! I HAD A PLAN... I CALLED

ANDRE

CUNNINGLY, 1 PLACED A FAN BEHIND A BOTTLE OF ANAESTHETIC...JUST LIKE THE ONE I MAYE ARRANGED FOR YOU..... IT WAS EASY! WHEN HE PASSED OUT, I KILLED HIM AND PLACED HIM IN THE SHIP I'VE ENGAGED...NOW I HAVE BOTH KEYS!













































DISTINGUISHED MEN PREFER BORSCHTBELT'S BUTTERMILK

August 18 1946





Distinguished Men

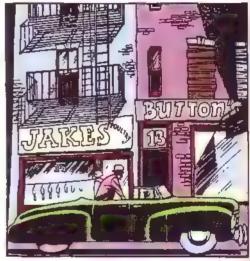
Borschtbelt's Buttermilh





































































NATTERALLY! PRE-ZACKLY

WHAT AH WUZ JES ABOUT TO DE-DUCK!

AH WILL PRE-SEED FUM HERE!















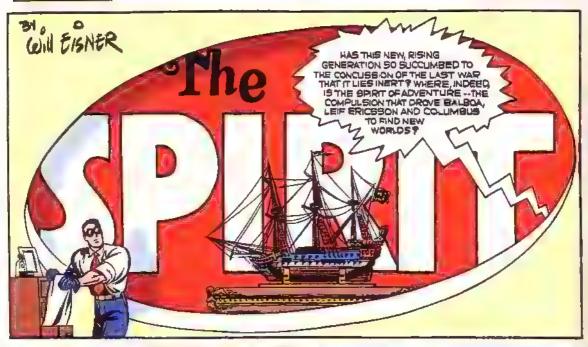




SMUGGLER'S COVE

August 25 1946





















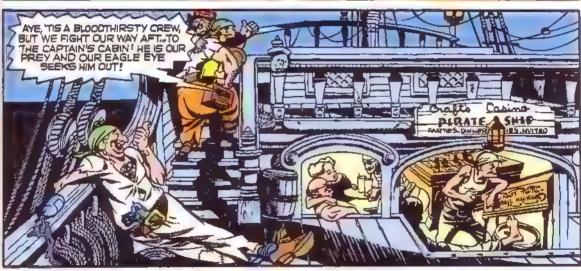






















































OLGA BUSTLE IN 'OUTCAST'

September 1 1946







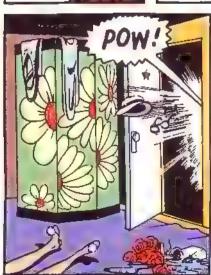








































































Bear Reader.

Due to carelessness of the author's butler, most of the sequence following the action on the other page was lost in last week's laundry!

The next scenes are all the world will ever know about how this adventure ended.......











THE VORTEX

September 8 1946





DOWN from the mountains of madness,

through the garges of greed, twisting turning, flows the river of crime!

SWIET and treacherous is the current—thrilling the course—but here and there,
small obstructions cut the flow and form whirlpools, in whose moelstrom are caught the
flotsom and jetsom of the underworld!

There they whird hopelessly in the revolving current only to vanish at last into

the VORTEX!

So, in the screaming vortex. is the choosing between the quick and the dead

























































































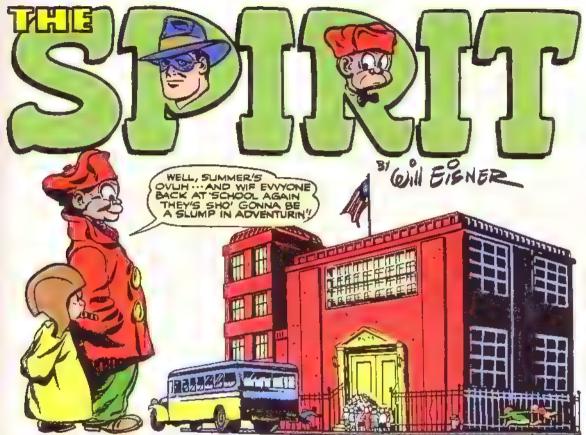




BACK TO SCHOOL

September 15 1946







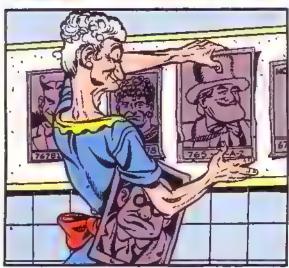
























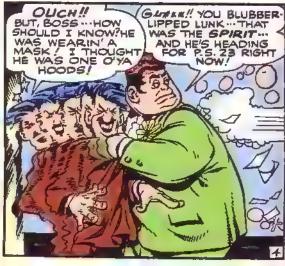


















































-- and so, as the gates close around Boss Bubble -- the wheel of fortune completes another full turn ---









THE CITIZEN'S COMMITTEE

September 21 1946





ome next June, it'll be seven years since Jhe Spirit first appeared in Central City. In that time, he has brought hundreds of dangerous criminals to justice and has so often risked his life in benalf of Central City that he is no longer regarded as an outlaw.... Indeed, the people of Central City have even forgotten that the dashing, fearless masked man bears a striking resemblance to Denny Colt (a criminologist, supposedly dead and buried in Wildwood Cemetery)....























































































THE POLICEMAN'S BALL

September 29 1946











EVENIN', CITIZENS!
TUESDAY NIGHT'S OCTOBER
FIRST THE ANNUAL POLICEMAN'S BALL! I THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN A TICKET
TO SAME!























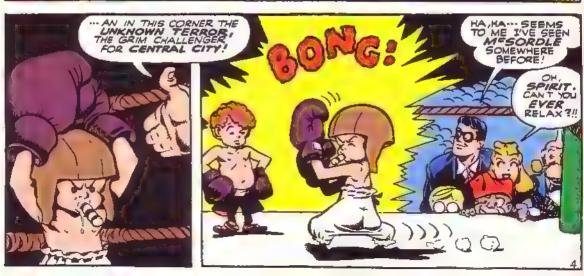
















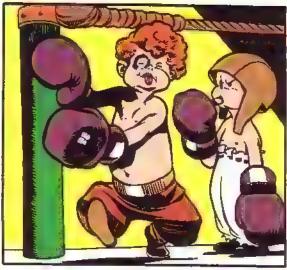


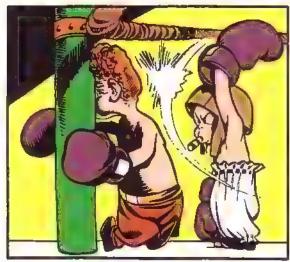


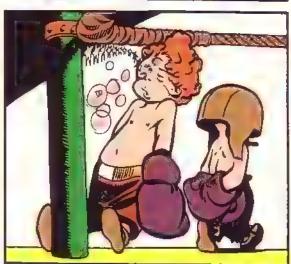






















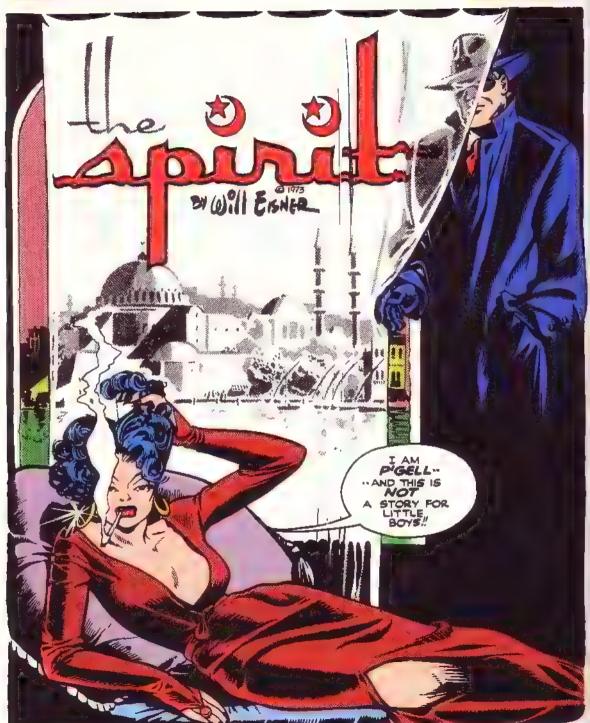




MEET P'GELL

October 6 1946

















--- So, leaving me behind, Emil and the SPIRIT headed for the milroad --- and America ---



































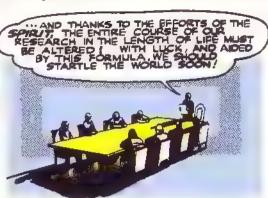






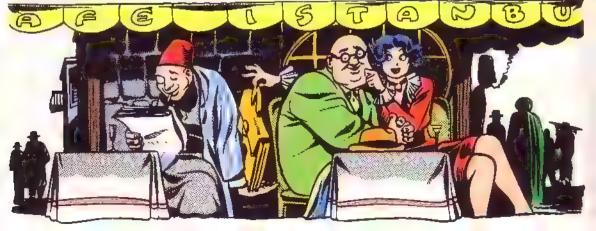
And, so, as I stood there on the brink of death. The SPRIT crossed the border and, aided by Grack friends, secured a plane-headed for America.







And so, you can find me any ofternoon in the colds of Ostanbul, with my dear husband. Picar, sipping tea and keeping an eye open for a way to turn an honest plaster...you see, what with a bribe here and a bad gamble there, our fortunes dwindled...temporarily...





HEART OF ROSIE LEE

October 13 1946



































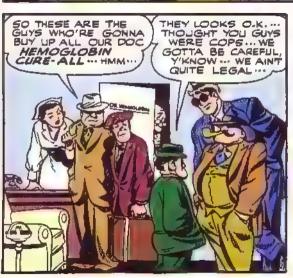






















































ARTEMUS PEAP

October 20 1946















NOTIFY HISTORIANS OF THE FIRST INTERPLANETARY EXPLORER -- ONE ATLEMUS Peap.

ARTEMUS PEAP?

ARTEMUS PEAP?

I NEVER HEARD

OF YOU!

ARTEMUS PEAP?

I'M NOT FAMOUS

YET!





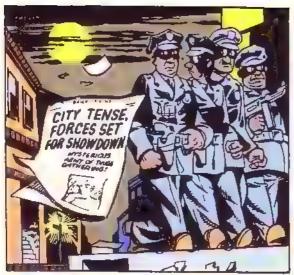








































At that moment, somewhere in outer space, a planet whirling in its orbit flings off a tiny particle which bullets earthward in the form of a meteor



















FLASH! HERE'S ANOTHER LATE BULLETIN .. LED BY THE FAMOUS ROBIN HOOD CRIME FIGHTER L KNOWN AS THE SPIRIT, POLICE ARE CLOSING IN ON ARTEMUS PEAP, WHO HAS BEEN TRACED TO A SHACK ON LAVA MOUNTAIN!



THE REST OF THE STORY WE SUBMIT IN THE FORM OF DOCLMENTARY EVIDENCE NOW RESTING IN THE FILES!

OUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS OURS!



bben we arrived within wise of the house a mighty explosion necurred. The above photo was taken at 10.35 by Central City news cholographer, Notupper right.

EPTHER F. P. Dolan Commissioner, Contral City

official. report, files6



HOVEMBEE

POLICE DEPARTMENT CENTRAL CITY

ABOUT STORY

Code: Artemus Peap

There can be no doubt of the presence of rocket games at the ette of the recent explosion, Shack Hill. Intensity of heat and position of debris tend to indicate a powerful blast, not unlike that produced by jet or rocket enhaust ... but intense. Debris mlso vields evidence of a complete workshop and laboratory.

report, appendix "B" SEPTEMBER A. 1966

CENTRAL CITY (8P) Protous Admight F. Cont., Comment for the paper, True To The Mann , has been feed or mounty by her cothespore or left. Hal ton Observatory The famous sciences. who for press has classed that transf to the Mone as practical, man fast man tene Sherbholl, Came, where he we suffellen en entet anbeilmeine

PAGE 1

DETTORER IN

MT HILTON (OF) SING explained cades impulses being been but ting the radio assesses here for the post two works. Scientists at the abservatory have been anable or explain the regul ing of their inquires, which appear to be coming tions the Mass. That pounte explanation

MT HILTON (IF) Myserme we note than beard spacings today upon have finally scared, braving their origin and personal will amount of Cinion they beperson and can hyptopical, it appears





THE HAUNT

October 27 1946



















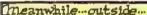












NOW, ELLEN ... WHY DID YOU HAVE TO TAG ALONG? IF OLD MAN CODJER & IS BLACK MARKETEERING, THERE'LL BE A FIGHT AND...

I'M ONLY GOING ALONG TO MAKE PLANS FOR THE INTERIOR DECORATIONS! THE LADIES AID SOCIETY HAS APPOINTED ME!























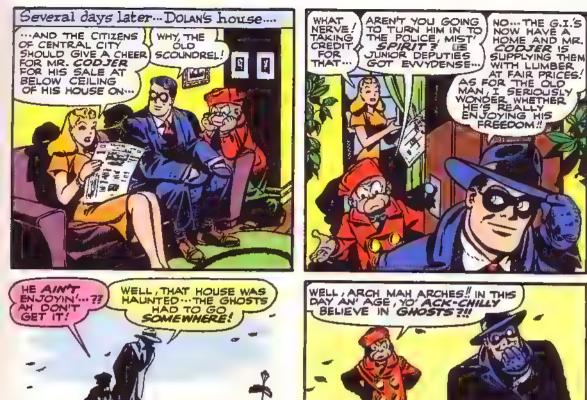












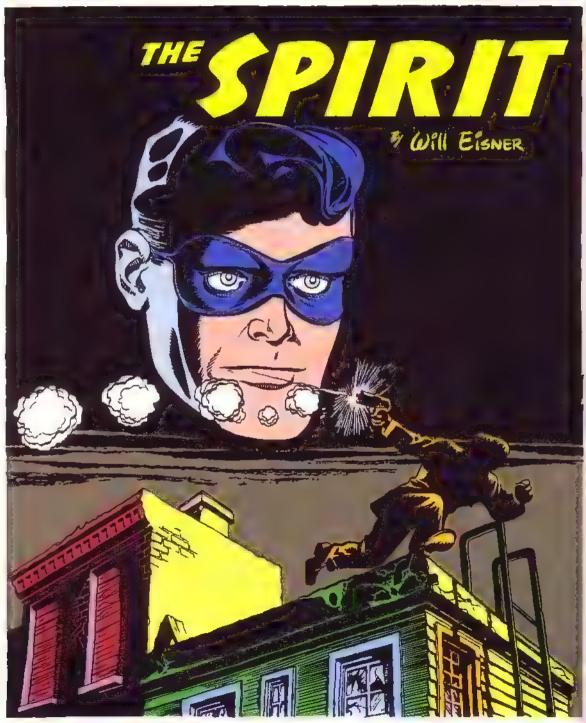




BEAGLE'S SECOND CHANCE

November 3 1946



































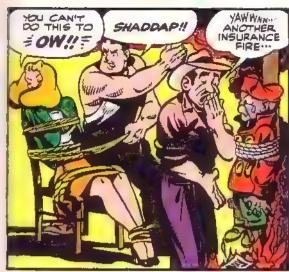




































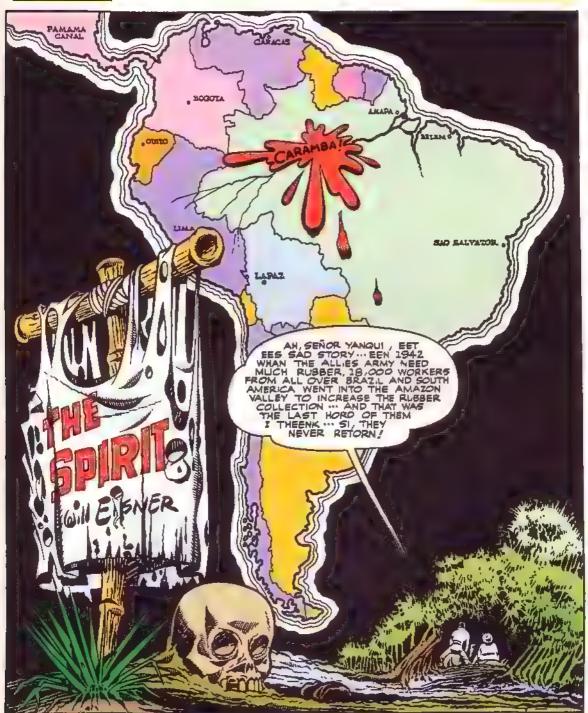




CARAMBA!

November 10 1946



















































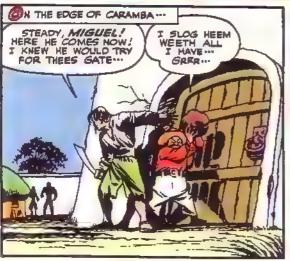


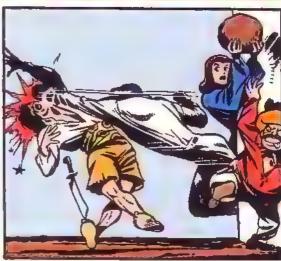




























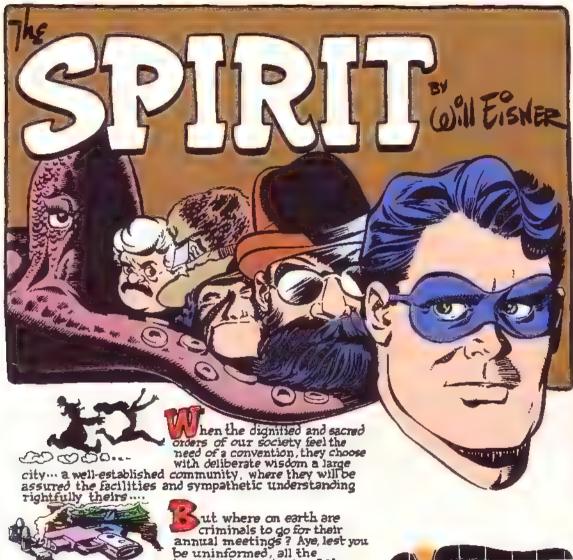




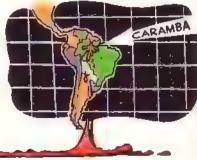
RETURN TO CARAMBA

November 17 1946





world have been brought together under one highly powerful man ... THE OCTOPUS! Though no one has ever seen him, his hand is telt by law enforcement agencies the world over, as he directs crime and criminals under his command! This year, with peace returned, the leading crooks of the worlds underground have decided to convene at CARAMBA... the crime capital of the world!



















































































COOT GALLUS

November 24 1946





























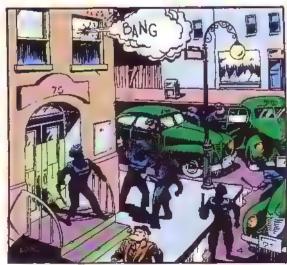






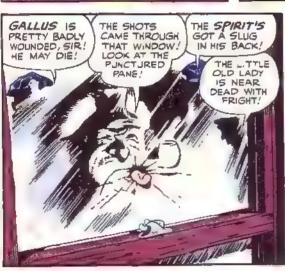
















































THE PORTIER FORTUNE

DECEMBER 1 1946

































































































THE KILLER

December 8 1946





ccording to statistics, millions of Americans read millions of the most carefully written crime and crime detection stories in the world. Expertly told ... and prepared, after exhaustive research—the best of these are, in effect, lessons in crime and criminal psychology. Yet could you, sitting in the trolley or bus or subway at night, pick out the Killer sitting opposite you?

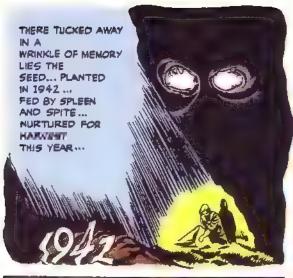
... TAKE THE MAN SITTING OPPOSITE US NOW! TEST





COME ... COME WITH US PAST HIS PLEASANT FACE, DOWN THROUGH THE DARK CORRIDORS OF HIS BRAIN TO THE FARTHEST CORNER OF HIS MIND .

























































































THE VAN GAULL DIAMONDS

December 15 1946



























































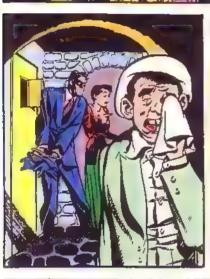














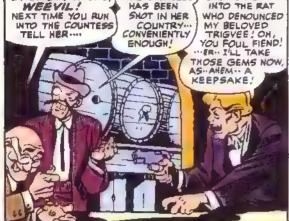












RUN ALONG,

THE COUNTESS

LAST I RUN

THE GREAT GAULL

DIAMONDS , ALL 24 OF EM! THANKS,









































THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF 1946

December 22 1946





The Christmas SPHRITT a fable

Will EISNER

Dere was peace

the three corners of the land three wise men to meet and decide upon a new direction... or the sheep were weary and the flock yearned for green fields and quiet pastures....and they were sore impatient.......

o on the shores of the Atlantic sea they were met.



in the manner of men...















































































YES, SIR! IT'S







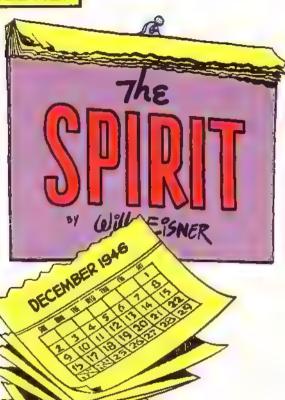
and lo, the sheep issued forth upon the plains And they waxed fat and prospered... And no longer did man covet his neighbor's for there was plenty for all... And the wicked found no sin nor was there profit in crime..... And men had time for learning and knew no fear And as generation succeeded generation, warfare became as medieval as the plague and our wars the dark ages..... And there was Peace on earth, Good Will toward men.....



A MOMENT OF DESTINY

December 29 1946





his is the season for resolve! and there is no one...but no one...who is more resolute than the guy who thinks he's a heck of a lot smarter than his neighbor.....

usually quite right and while he takes a beating from the guys who fail to recognise this, a time of crisis somehow arises, giving vehicle to his ambition....!!!

that, Junior, is life!!!

In fact, just such a moment arrived on the threshold of a New Year... and Hubert... the hero of this story, stepped forward in true Napoleonic fashion...... (en... Hubert is a DUCK!)



* which means
"If you guys are
going to set meekly
by while we get
curted off to make
meat on someone's
New Year's table...
you're quacky!
The time has come
for a leader....
namely ME!
I am going to
gave you!!































































































As night falls, we find our hero, Huser, daged but still determined to outwit the cruel destiny











UNTIL THE MARKET FELL OFF WHAT WERE YOU DUCKS!! IN, PAL?

I WAS IN COTTON FUTURES

of trouble," only to be drowned by the backwash....



AMI IIX @ !! ##Q SWARLOW EET @#! # G EET!! O#